

June 5th 1865

Dear Add:

I hope you will have time and patience enough to read all I see fit to write to you. I got Irving and Charlie to go to the Office tonight and I am writing to keep myself awake till they come back and if I dont get a letter I shall go to bed and cry my eyes out. If you dont wish me to lose my "little eyes" entirely you will have to write often. Clark has been down here tonight. I guess he and Mate are going to Salamanca tomorrow. He said he was going to take a ride. I have an invite to go with them and would go if 't was not for the work but Biddie must be steady and not be cutting corners with the young folks or her work will not be half done. Mate has got her hair bobbed off short and Clark said he

would cut mine if I'd come up there
so I'm going up just to see him and
get my hair cut. Marm Bullard is
convalescent I believe. I never saw two
bigger fools than Cordelia and Gylah. It's
perfectly scandalous the way they talk and
act. It makes me think of what Grandpa
used to say about a young couple. Well then
I forgot but what I was talking to you
instead of writing. The "Skuters" are
determined to make me retreat but I
still hold my ground though I have been
surrounded several times. They are getting
reinforcements I guess for there is about
a bushel of those little "Pankies" festering
one and they are worse ^{than} the Skuters. For the
Skuter lets a fellow know when he's com-
ing. Oh dear I wish Irving would hurry for
I'm getting very sleepy and can't keep awake
much longer. Well those boys came
at last just after I had departed for
the land of dreams and the first
thing I heard was "Hurrah Sallie

a letter for you". I jumped out
rather sudden and was downstairs
in about half a minute and now
I am not sleepy a bit. Charlie
is here staying with Irving. - June 1st
I calculated to finish this last
night but was sick so I couldn't.
Lois' Mother staid here all night
I am better this morning but do not
feel very well yet. We have lots of
fun Mame and I with Clark.

Oh dear my head aches like fury
I can't write any more. When
I feel better I will answer your
letter but now I must stop.

As ever

Sarah